

# The Mirror

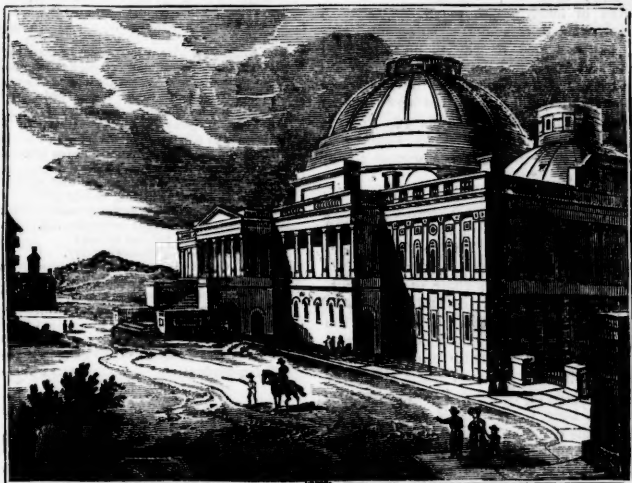
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 672.]

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THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

THE name of *Capitol* is given to the edifice in Washington, where Congress assembles. It is, in familiar parlance, the *American House of Commons*; for herein assemble the members of the national legislature of the United States of America.\*

The American Capitol has not the magnificence and richness of the Capitol of old Rome: we, in vain, look here for the thresholds of brass, or the roof of gold; but, we have a massy pile, equal, certainly, in architectural importance to our much respected chapel of St. Stephen. Captain Alexander tells us that on approaching Washington, he saw before him, on a bare plain, the great dome and the massive pile of the Capitol, with a few inferior houses round it, and hardly a living object moving on the silent scene—a strange approach to the metropolis of “a fine, free, and flourishing country.”

The Capitol, like the Roman original, is built upon an eminence, at the end of the Pennsylvania avenue, a mile long, the upper end ornamented with double rows of poplars.

\* Congress, strictly speaking, consists of a senate and a house of representatives, each constituting a distinct and independent branch. The house of representatives is composed of members chosen every second year, by the people of the several states. The senate is composed of two senators from each state.

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The ascent is by broad stairs: in the middle is a marble monument, consisting of a column, surmounted with an eagle, and occupying a square base, on which are allegorical figures of History, Fame, Commerce, and America. This monument is in memory of the officers who fell in the Tripolitan war.

The Engraving shows the exterior elevation of the Capitol. The principal apartment is the circular rotunda in the centre, which is excellently paved, and has an echoing circumference of dome overhead. In four niches round the walls are sculptured representations of the fight between Boon, (one of the first pioneers of the West,) and an Indian chief—the landing at Plymouth of the Pilgrim-Fathers, fleeing from England for conscience sake—the treaty between Penn and the two Indian chiefs on the Delaware—and the last, the escape of Captain John Smith, in 1606, from the uplifted war-club of King Powhatan, on the intercession of his daughter Pocahontas. Four large oil-paintings, by Colonel Turnbull, represent the Declaration of Independence, General Washington resigning his commission, and the surrender of Cornwallis and Burgoyne, at Yorktown and Saratoga.

“Connected with these two last is an anecdote—

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dote highly creditable to the American character, and also showing that a regard for the feelings of others is confined to no particular country. A British officer on a visit to Washington, made the acquaintance, at a hotel, of two officers of the United States artillery; they showed him whatever was worthy of notice in or about the city, but they dissuaded him from entering the Capitol, as they said it was in an unfinished state, and contained nothing that could interest him. However, one day he went alone to the Capitol, and found that the cause of the dissuasions of his friends was the pictures above mentioned. They thought it would vex him to see these memorials of British defeat.”\*

In the Capitol also, is the National Library, comprising a large collection of choice works. The Hall of the Senate is a neat, semicircular chamber; but the Hall of Representatives is the great attraction in the Capitol. The Speaker's chair, or rather, curtained throne, is placed in front of a row of lofty windows, with crimson drapery; the seats and desks of the members of Congress are placed in semicircular and ascending rows. Corinthian pillars of great size, with polished shafts of variegated pudding-stone, in which blue predominates, and crowned with marble capitals, are disposed round the walls, and opposite to the Speaker is a capacious gallery. The members wear their hats, as in St. Stephen's, and a few, from the far-off West, may be seen in fur caps and white great coats. "Well," observes Captain Alexander, "may the Americans vaunt their country, when representatives salute each other in Congress, after journeys over 2,000 miles of United States territory."

The opening of Congress, and the delivery of the President's message, are not so much matters of state, as the opening of Parliament, and the delivery of the King's speech, in England. There is a silence in the great hall; a door opens, and a voice announces "the Message of the President." Instead of a procession, a single individual in a cloak enters with a bundle of papers in his hand, tied with red tape, and advancing up the centre passage, presents it to the Speaker; he unties it, and reads aloud the important document.

#### HERCULANEUM.

CITY of buried ages!—on thy halls  
The torch-light's glare in ghastly shadow falls:  
From her long slumber echo starts, and round,  
A mournful murmur answers to each sound;  
While marble baths, and broken colonnades,  
And fallen temples fill the long arcades.  
Where are the buried thousands?—once so rife  
In all the bustling energies of life.  
Hush'd is the voice of eloquence, for none  
Are left to hang upon each thrilling tone:—

\* Alexander's Transatlantic Sketches.

All silent! for the whelming torrent came,  
And crush'd the hero's and the poet's fame.  
City! long wrapped in dun oblivion's gloom,  
Where thousands found at once a death and tomb.  
On crowded theatres and lighted halls,  
The death-shower in one burning ruin falls;  
Quench'd in that hour, the light in beauty's eye,  
The music's cadence, and the lover's sigh;  
Ambition's toils, and faded sorrow's tear,  
The victor's triumph, and the victim's fear;  
Hope's flowery joys that youth was wreathing there,  
And weary age that death together share;  
And commerce, with a busy mart of schemes,  
The painter's visions, and the poet's dreams—  
All were whelm'd in that dark hour of woe,  
And undistinguished to one funeral go!  
Ages roll'd on—the world forgot thy state,  
Thy long-past glory dark and desolate!  
Oblivion held o'er thee her ebony away,  
And all thy splendour in one slumber lay.  
Empires arose—battles were lost and won,  
While thou to buried nothingness wert gone!  
To fancy's eye, what fitting visions glide,  
Thy silent streets and crumbling halls beside;  
Pale ghosts of other ages, memories old,  
The chill, deserted palaces enfold;  
Asking why children of another day,  
Roll from the grave its sheltering gloom away.  
Oh, since thy ruin, what events have roll'd!  
Their lights and shadows o'er this changing world!  
Thro' thy dark streets the torchlight's lurid glare,  
Gives back to sight again the things that were,  
Unchang'd; how all the selfsame aspect wears,  
Through the deep shadow of two thousand years!

Kilton-Lindsey.

ANNE R.—.

#### THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

Oh! welcome are the winds that tell  
A wanderer of the deep,  
Where far away the jasmies dwell,  
And where the myrrh-trees weep;  
Blest on the sounding surge and foam,  
Are tidings of the citron's home!"

Mrs. Hemans.

AWAY o'er the dancing wave!  
Like the wings of the white seaway;  
How proudly the hearts of the youthful brave  
Their dreams of bliss renew!

And as on the pathless deep  
The bark by the gale is driven,  
How glorious it is with the stars to keep  
A watch on the beautiful heaven!

The winds o'er the ocean bear  
Rich fragrance from the flow'rs,  
That bloom on the sward, and sparkle there  
Like stars in their dark blue bow'rs.

The visions of those that sail  
O'er the wave with its snow-white foam,  
Are haunted with scenes of the beauteous vale  
That incloses their peaceful home.

They have wandered through groves of the West,  
Illumed with the fire-flies' light;  
But their native land kindles a charm in each breast,  
Unwaken'd by regions more bright.

The haunts that were dear to the heart,  
As an exquisite dream of romance,  
Strew thoughts, like sweet flowers, round its holiest  
part,  
And their fancy-bound spirits entrance.

Then away with the fluttering sail!  
And away with the bounding wave!  
While the musical sounds of the ocean-gale  
Are wafted around the brave!

G. R. C.

Deal.

## Select Biography.

DOCTOR DEE,

(From *Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers.*)

DR. JOHN DEE was a man who made a conspicuous figure in the sixteenth century. He was born at London in the year 1527. He was an eminent mathematician, and an indefatigable scholar. He says of himself, that, having been sent to Cambridge when he was fifteen, he persisted for several years in allowing himself only four hours for sleep in the twenty-four, and two for food and refreshment, and that he constantly occupied the remaining eighteen, (the time for divine service only excepted,) in study. At Cambridge he superintended the exhibition of a Greek play of Aristophanes, among the machinery of which he introduced an artificial scarabæus, or beetle, which flew up to the palace of Jupiter, with a man on his back, and a basket of provisions. The ignorant and astonished spectators ascribed this feat to the arts of the magician; and Dee, annoyed by these suspicions, found it expedient to withdraw to the continent. Here he resided first at the university of Louvaine, at which place, his acquaintance was courted by the dukes of Mantua and Medina, and from thence proceeded to Paris, where he gave lectures on Euclid with singular applause.

In 1551, he returned to England, and was received with distinction by Sir John Cheek, and introduced to Secretary Cecil, and even to King Edward, from whom he received a pension of one hundred crowns per annum, which he speedily after exchanged for a small living in the church. In the reign of Queen Mary he was for some time kindly treated; but afterwards came into great trouble, and even into danger of his life. He entered into correspondence with several of the servants of Queen Elizabeth at Woodstock, and was charged with practising against Mary's life by enchantments. Upon this accusation, he was seized and confined; and being, after several examinations, discharged of the indictment, was turned over to Bishop Bonner to see if any heresy could be found in him. After a tedious persecution, he was set at liberty in 1555, and was so little subdued by what he had suffered, that in the following year he presented a petition to the queen, requesting her co-operation in a plan for preserving and recovering certain monuments of classical antiquity.

The principal study of Dee, however, at this time lay in astrology; and accordingly, upon the accession of Elizabeth, Robert Dudley, her chief favourite, was sent to consult the doctor as to the aspect of the stars, that they might fix on an auspicious day for celebrating her coronation. Some years after we find him again on the continent; and in 1571,

being taken ill at Louvaine, we are told the queen sent over two physicians to accomplish his cure. Elizabeth afterwards visited him at his house at Mortlake, that she might view his magazine of mathematical instruments and curiosities; and about this time employed him to defend her title to countries discovered in different parts of the globe. He says of himself, that he received the most advantageous offers from Charles V., Ferdinand, Maximilian II., and Rodolph II., emperors of Germany, and from the czar of Muscovy an offer of 2,000*l.* sterling per annum, upon condition that he would reside in his dominions. All these circumstances were solemnly attested by Dee in a compendious rehearsal of his life and studies for half a century, composed at a later period, and read by him at his house at Mortlake to two commissioners appointed by Elizabeth to inquire into his circumstances, accompanied with evidences and documents to establish the particulars.\*

Had Dee gone no further than this, he would undoubtedly have ranked among the profoundest scholars and most eminent geniuses that adorned the reign of the maiden queen. But he was unfortunately cursed with an ambition that nothing could satisfy; and, having accustomed his mind to the wildest reveries, and wrought himself up to an extravagant pitch of enthusiasm, he pursued a course that involved him in much calamity, and clouded all his latter days with misery and ruin. He dreamed perpetually of the philosopher's stone, and was haunted with the belief of intercourse of a supramundane character. It is almost impossible to decide among these things, how much was illusion, and how much was forgery. Both were inextricably mixed in his proceedings; and this extraordinary victim probably could not in his most dispassionate moments precisely distinguish what belonged to the one, and what to the other.

As Dee was an enthusiast, so he perpetually interposed in his meditations prayers of the greatest emphasis and fervour. As he was one day in November, 1582, engaged in these devout exercises, he says that there appeared to him the angel Uriel at the west window of his museum, who gave him a translucent stone, or chrysal, of a convex form, that had the quality, when intently surveyed, of presenting apparitions, and even emitting sounds, in consequence of which the observer could hold conversations, ask questions and receive answers from the figures he saw in the mirror. It was often necessary that the stone should be turned one way and another in different positions, before the person who consulted it gained the right focus; and then the object to be observed would sometimes show themselves on the surface of the stone,

\* Appendix to *Johannes Glastoniensis*, edited by Hearne.

and sometimes in different parts of the room by virtue of the action of the stone. It had also this peculiarity, that only one person, having been named as seer, could see the figures exhibited, and hear the voices that spoke, though there might be various persons in the room. It appears that the person who discerned these visions must have his eyes and his ears uninterruptedly engaged in the affair, so that, as Dee experienced, to render the communication effectual, there must be two human beings concerned in the scene, one of them to describe what he saw, and to recite the dialogue that took place, and the other immediately to commit to paper all that his partner dictated. Dee for some reason chose for himself the part of the amanuensis, and had to seek for a companion, who was to watch the stone, and repeat to him whatever he saw and heard.

It happened opportunely that, a short time before Dee received this gift from on high, he contracted a familiar intercourse with one Edward Kelly of Worcestershire, whom he found specially qualified to perform the part which it was necessary to Dee to have adequately filled. Kelly was an extraordinary character, and in some respects exactly such a person as Dee wanted. He was just twenty-eight years younger than the memorable personage, who now received him as an inmate, and was engaged in his service at a stipulated salary of fifty pounds a year.

Kelly entered upon life with a somewhat unfortunate adventure. He was accused, when a young man, of forgery, brought to trial, convicted, and lost his ears in the pillory. This misfortune, however, by no means daunted him. He was assiduously engaged in the search for the philosopher's stone. He had an active mind, great enterprise, and a very domineering temper. Another adventure in which he had been engaged previously to his knowledge of Dee, was in digging up the body of a man, who had been buried only the day before, that he might compel him by incantations, to answer questions, and discover future events. There was this difference therefore between the two persons previously to their league. Dee was a man of regular manners and unspotted life, honoured by the great, and favourably noticed by crowned heads in different parts of the world; while Kelly was a notorious profligate, accustomed to the most licentious actions, and under no restraint from morals or principle.

One circumstance that occurred early in the acquaintance of Kelly and Dee it is necessary to mention. It serves strikingly to illustrate the ascendancy of the junior and impetuous party over his more gifted senior. Kelly led Dee, we are not told under what pretence, to visit the celebrated ruins of Glastonbury Abbey in Somersetshire. Here,

as these curious travellers searched into every corner of the scene, they met by some rare accident with a vase containing a certain portion of the actual elixir vitæ, that rare and precious liquid, so much sought after, which has the virtue of converting the baser metals into gold and silver. It had remained here perhaps ever since the time of the highly-gifted St. Dunstan in the tenth century. This they carried off in triumph: but we are not told of any special use to which they applied it, till a few years after, when they were both on the continent.

The first record of their consultations with the supramundane spirits, was of the date of December 2, 1581, at Lexden-heath in the county of Essex; and from this time they went on in a regular series of consultations with and inquiries from these miraculous visitors, a great part of which will appear to the uninitiated extremely puerile and ludicrous, but which were committed to writing with the most scrupulous exactness by Dee, the first part still existing in manuscript, but the greater portion from the 28th of May, 1583, to 1608, with some interruptions, having been committed to the press by Dr. Meric Casaubon in a well-sized folio in 1659, under the title of *A true and faithful relation of what passed between Dr. John Dee and some spirits, tending, had it succeeded, to a general alteration of most states and kingdoms of the world.*

Kelly and Dee had not long been engaged in these supernatural colloquies, before an event occurred which gave an entirely new turn to their proceedings. Albert Alaski, a Polish nobleman, lord palatine of the principality of Siradia, came over at this time into England, urged, as he said, by a desire personally to acquaint himself with the glories of the reign of Elizabeth, and the evidences of her unrivalled talents. The queen and her favourite, the earl of Leicester, received him with every mark of courtesy and attention, and, having shown him all the wonders of her court at Westminster and Greenwich, sent him to Oxford, with a command to the dignitaries and heads of colleges, to pay him every attention, and to lay open to his view all their rarest curiosities. Among other things worthy of notice, Alaski inquired for the celebrated Dr. Dee, and expressed the greatest impatience to be acquainted with him.

Just at this juncture the earl of Leicester happened to spy Dr. Dee among the crowd who attended at a royal levee. The earl immediately advanced towards him; and, in a frank manner, having introduced him to Alaski, expressed his intention of bringing the Pole to dine with the doctor at his house at Mortlake. Embarrassed with this unexpected honour, Dee no sooner got home, than he dispatched an express to the earl, honestly confessing that he should be unable to enter-

tain such guests in a suitable manner, without being reduced to the expedient of selling or pawning his plate, to procure him the means of doing so. Leicester communicated the doctor's perplexity to Elizabeth; and the queen immediately dispatched a messenger with a present of forty angels, or twenty pounds, to enable him to receive his guests as became him.

A great intimacy immediately commenced between Dee and the stranger. Alaski, though possessing an extensive territory, was reduced by the prodigality of himself or his ancestors to much embarrassment; and on the other hand, this nobleman appeared to Dee an instrument well qualified to accomplish his ambitious purposes. Alaski was extremely desirous to look into the womb of time; and Dee, it is likely, suggested repeated hints of his extraordinary power from his possession of the philosopher's stone. After two or three interviews, and much seeming importunity on the part of the Pole, Dee and Kelly graciously condescended to admit Alaski as a third party to their secret meetings with their supernatural visitors, from which the rest of the world were carefully excluded. Here the two Englishmen made use of the vulgar artifice of promising extraordinary good fortune to the person of whom they purposed to make use. By the intervention of the miraculous stone they told the wondering traveller, that he should shortly become king of Poland, with the accession of several other kingdoms, that he should overcome many armies of Saracens and Paynims, and prove a mighty conqueror. Dee at the same time complained of the disagreeable condition in which he was at home, and that Burleigh and Walsingham were his malicious enemies. At length they concerted among themselves, that they, Alaski, and Dee and Kelly, with their wives and families, should clandestinely withdraw out of England, and proceed with all practicable rapidity to Alaski's territory in the kingdom of Poland. They embarked on this voyage the 21st of September, and arrived at Siradia the 3rd of February following.

At this place, however, the strangers remained little more than a month. Alaski found his finances in such disorder, that it was scarcely possible for him to feed the numerous guests he had brought along with him. The promises of splendid conquests which Dee and Kelly profusely heaped upon him, were of no avail to supply the deficiency of his present income. And the elixir they brought from Glastonbury was, as they said, so incredibly rich in virtue, that they were compelled to lose much time in making projection by way of trial, before they could hope to arrive at the proper temperament for producing the effect they desired.

In the following month Alaski, with his

visitors, passed to Cracow, the residence of the kings of Poland. Here they remained five months, Dee and Kelly perpetually amusing the Pole with the extraordinary virtue of the stone, which had been brought from heaven by an angel, and busied in a thousand experiments with the elixir, and many tedious preparations which they pronounced to be necessary, before the compound could have the proper effect. The prophecies were uttered with extreme confidence; but no external indications were afforded, to show that in any way they were likely to be realized. The experiments and exertions of the laboratory were incessant; but no transmutation was produced. At length Alaski found himself unable to sustain the train of followers he had brought out of England. With mountains of wealth, the treasures of the world promised, they were reduced to the most grievous straits for the means of daily subsistence. Finally, the zeal of Alaski diminished; he had no longer the same faith in the projectors that had deluded him; and he devised a way of sending them forward with letters of recommendation to Rodolph II., emperor of Germany, at his imperial seat of Prague, where they arrived on the 9th of August.

Rodolph was a man, whose character and habits of life they judged excellently adapted to their purpose. Dee had a long conference with the emperor, in which he explained to him what wonderful things the spirits promised to this prince, in case he proved exemplary of life, and obedient to their suggestions, that he should be the greatest conqueror in the world, and should take captive the Turk in his city of Constantinople. Rodolph was extremely courteous in his reception, and sent away Dee with the highest hopes that he had at length found a personage with whom he should infallibly succeed to the extent of his wishes. He sought, however, a second interview, and was baffled. At one time the emperor was going to his country palace near Prague, and at another was engaged in the pleasures of the chase.

He also complained that he was not sufficiently familiar with the Latin tongue, to manage the conferences with Dee in a satisfactory manner in person. He, therefore, deputed Curtzius, a man high in his confidence, to enter into the necessary details with his learned visitor. Dee also contrived to have Spinola, the ambassador from Madrid to the court of the emperor, to urge his suit. The final result was, that Rodolph declined any further intercourse with Dee. He turned a deaf ear to his prophecies, and professed to be altogether void of faith as to his promises respecting the philosopher's stone. Dee, however, was led on perpetually with hopes of better things from the emperor, till the spring of the year 1585. At length he was obliged to fly from Prague; the bishop of Placentia,

the pope's nuncio, having it in command from his holiness to represent to Rodolph how discreditable it was for him to harbour English magicians, heretics, at his court.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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## Antiquariana.

### CELTIC RELICS.

KILLIN, in Perthshire, possesses some fine Celtic relics. Of these, perhaps, the most interesting is a stone which stands erect in the centre of an arable field, where the remains of Fingal are supposed to have been deposited; from which event it derives the Gaelic patronymic of Cill-Fhinn. The stone is about four feet above the surface of the ground, and bears some hieroglyphic inscription. At no great distance from this, stand the remains of the castle of Donachdah Dubh na Curraichd, (Black Duncan with the Cowl,) a name with which tradition and history have connected numerous and terrible stories. It is a hexagonal figure, the walls and roof of which are yet pretty entire; and in every corner to which an approach could be made, there are circular holes sufficiently large to receive a gun. Immediately at the side of the castle is the prison, a square excavation of about twelve feet wide, and seven deep, where the feudal captives and other perpetrators were confined. The chains or gyves which fastened many a culprit are still to be seen.

W. G. C.

### NORTHERN RUNES.

THE following account, relating to the uses of the northern runes, appeared a short time since in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*:—"A most important use of the runes was for making inscriptions on rocks and stones, of which there are from fourteen to fifteen hundred remaining, thirteen hundred of which belong to Sweden, and of them, more than one half to the single province of Uppland. In Iceland there are but fourteen. Rune-stones have also been found in Germany, England, and the Isle of Man. In the year 1824, a small rune-stone five inches long and one inch thick, was found on an isle of West Greenland, named Kingiktorsoak, bearing an inscription, dated in the year 1135; and thus proving, that in the twelfth century, the west coast of Greenland was known as far north as it is at the present day. These rune-stones, called by the Icelanders, Bantasteinor, were usually raised in memory of the dead; and the inscriptions which they bore, like our tombstones, tell the name of the deceased, and briefly enumerate some of the most remarkable actions of his life; his making of roads and bridges, his travels, and freebooting or other expeditions to Russia, Livonia, Finland, England, Lombardy, Greece,

or Asia. They were not always raised where the body was buried, but, like the Grecian cenotaphs, not unfrequently stood in honour of those who had perished in distant lands. Thus, on a rune-stone in Gothland, it is said of the person whose memory it celebrates, that he was treacherously slain by the blue men, that is, the Moors. A rune-stone, now in the park of Dugenas, in Sweden, whither it was brought from the steeple of the church of Saleby, which it had been built into, has the following inscription: 'Atark, Kriusten, gardi kubl thaussi effer Thuru kunu sin, su tutir i Akitt mith allum vi barthi Tiraka auk kunu:' that is, 'Atark, a Christian, raised this monument to Thuru, his wife, who died in Accon (Acres), with all. We fought with the Turks, the dear wife also.' It was in the year 1191 that Acres was taken by the Crusaders."

W. G. C.

### Ancient Coins.

A SHORT time since, three silver coins were found in a field near Armagh. The oldest belongs to the Saxon king, Athelstan, who ascended the throne of England in 925. In the centre of the obverse is a cross, and round it is inscribed, *ATHELSTAN REX TOT. BRIT.* The reverse has also a cross in the centre, and the legend, *ELIAF MONETA LUND. CIVITT.* This king was the first in England, who placed the title, "King of all England," on his coins, which he did in 938, after he had defeated the Danes. The second coin belongs to Wolstan, Archbishop of York in 930, but cannot be easily deciphered. The third, and most curious was minted for Anlaf, the Danish King of Northumberland; on the obverse is the rude figure of a bird with the wings extended: this is supposed to be the raven, the well known symbol of the Danes, and round it is *ANLAF CYNING.* The reverse has a small cross in the centre, and the legend, *ATHELWARD MINETRIC.* Anlaf was the son of Sitric, King of Northumberland, who, after his father's death, being driven out of the kingdom by Athelstan, in 925, went to Ireland, and having received assistance from the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch, invaded Northumberland in 938, and was defeated by Athelstan in the battle of Brunenburgh, fought in that year. Anlaf went back to Ireland, and in 942, when Edmund ascended the throne, aided by Olaus, King of Norway, he succeeded in obtaining possession of all that part of England which lay north of the great Roman road. This coin, in all probability, was minted in the above year. Having been obliged to lay heavy taxes on his subjects, to pay the King of Norway for the troops lent him, he lost their affections, and was obliged to fly the kingdom in 945. He was recalled by the Danes in 949; but treating his subjects no better than before,



was finally expelled by them in 952. He retired to Ireland, where, it is supposed, he died. There was found, about the same time as the above, near the cathedral of Armagh, a rare and unpublished coin of Richard III. On the obverse is the king's head crowned; on the right side of his neck is a small rose, on the left a star, and round it the inscription, RICARDUS REX ANGLIE DNS. HYB. On the reverse is a cross, extending to the edge of the coin, with a rose in the centre, and two circles; in the outer is the usual inscription, FORUI DRUM, &c., and the inner contains the name of the place of mintage, VILLE DROGHEDA. Simon, in his *Essay on Irish Coins*, does not give an engraving of this coin; but in the appendix is published an Act of 1 Richard III., 1485, which ordered a mintage according to the print there described, which cannot be read. It is very likely that this is a groat of his first mintage; those of his second, with the three crowns, published by Simon, are common. Snelling, in his *Supplement to Simon's work*, gives an engraving of a penny of the Drogheda mint, but makes no mention of the groat. It is probable that neither Simon nor Snelling ever saw this rare coin. A groat of Henry VII., inscribed HENRIE SEPTIM, was found soon after the above in the neighbourhood of Armagh: his groats with the Roman and Arabic numerals are frequently found, but this one with "Septimus," is so rare, that an unique specimen has been sold at an auction of coins for 10*l*. 5*s*.—W. G. C.

#### ANCIENT MINTS.

In ancient Rome, the quæstor had at first the direction of the mint, as well as of the treasury: the *Triumviri monetales* were created about the year of Rome 463, or 289 B.C. The title *Triumviri* remained till after the time of Caracalla; but Aurelian, (it is supposed there was but one master of the Roman mint, called according to Pinkerton, the *Rationalis*,) altered the form of the mints in the capital provincial cities, after having conquered the revolted provinces, and united the whole empire again. His coin, called *Aureus*, which had been diminished by degrees to about 80 grains, was by him restored to 100. The monies, who lost half their profits, and three-fourths of whom lost their work by this alteration, caused commotions, which terminated in a rebellion. About this time the *Procurator Monetæ* succeeded the *Rationalis*; the engraving of the dye was the work of Greek artists, who were called *Celutiores*; other officers in the mint were called *Spectatores*, *Expectatores*, or *Nummularii*, &c.

Anciently, there were mints in almost every county in England, which were established by Athelstan, with a view of further facilitating and promoting commerce, so that

the merchants might have an opportunity of converting bullion, which they brought home for their goods into current coin, without much expense or trouble; but as it is one of the prerogatives of the king to coin the money of the realm, the business of coining was carried on principally in the Tower of London, from the time of William the Conqueror to the year 1811. At this latter period, a very elegant building was completed on the eastern side of Tower-hill, in which the coinage is now performed with a simplicity, dispatch, and accuracy that can scarcely be conceived by any who have not been witnesses of the several operations.

The first English gold coin, (says Snelling,) of which there is any account, was struck in the year 1257, by order of Henry III. It was of pure gold, weighing two pence or sterling of silver, and was to pass for twenty pence. This gold penny, as it was called, was nearly the weight of a seven-shilling piece of the present time; and it is said that "the King tried this expedient of coining gold through necessity;" and also "that the city of London made a representation against the measure."

P. T. W.

#### ANCIENT PAVEMENTS.

HIGHWAYS were paved as early as the time of Semiramis. The Carthaginians had the first paved streets. The streets of Rome and the roads about it were not paved during the time of its kings. In the year 188, Appian Claudius, being then censor, constructed the first real highway, called after him the Appian way, and on account of its excellence the Queen of Roads:—

"The long, laborious pavement here he treads,

That to proud Rome th' admiring nations lead."

Addison.

"The foundation of Roman ways was made, (says Arbuthnot,) of rough stone joined together with cement; upon this was laid another layer, consisting of small stones and cement, to plane the inequalities of the lower stratum, in which the stones of the upper pavement were fixed; for there can be no very durable pavement, but a double one."

The time of the pavement of the streets of Rome cannot be precisely ascertained. The streets of Herculaneum and Pompeii were paved with lava.

Of modern cities, the oldest pavement is commonly ascribed to that of Paris; but it is certain that Cordova in Spain was paved so early as about the year 850. Paris was not paved in the twelfth century; but the orders for this purpose were issued in 1184, on which occasion it is said that the name of Lutetia, deduced from its dirtiness, was changed into that of Paris. The streets of London were not paved at the end of the eleventh century: it does not appear when

paving was first introduced. Holborn was first paved by royal command in 1417; other places were paved under Henry the Eighth, some in the suburbs in 1544, others in 1571 and 1605, and Smithfield in 1614. Paving extended as trade and opulence increased.

P. T. W.

#### ORIGIN OF THE GOD HYMEN.

DANCHET, the French poet, in his *Dissertation sur Ceremonies Nuptiales*, tells us, respecting the deification of Hymen, that he was a young man of Athens, obscurely born, but extremely handsome. Falling in love with a young lady of distinction, he disguised himself in a female habit, in order to get access to her, and enjoy the pleasure of her company. As he happened to be one day in this disguise with his mistress, and her female companions, celebrating on the seashore, the rites of Ceres Eleusina, a gang of pirates came upon them by surprise, and carried them all off. The pirates, having conveyed them to a distant island, got drunk for joy, and fell asleep. Hymen seized his opportunity, armed the virgins, and dispatched the pirates; after which, leaving the ladies on the island, he went in haste to Athens, where he told his adventure to all the parents, and demanded her he loved in marriage, as her ransom. His request was granted, and so fortunate was the marriage, that the name of Hymen was ever after invoked on all future nuptials; and in progress of time, the Greeks enrolled him among their gods.

P. T. W.



(Hottentot's Bread.)

which it was covered when Mr. Burchell saw it.

#### THE GIBRALTAR SWIFT.

In the autumn of 1831, a specimen of the great white-bellied swift of Gibraltar was shot in a village in Norfolk. Another specimen was shot a short time previously off the coast of Ireland; but it is doubtful whether naturalists have noticed any other as having been seen in the British isles. Latham says, the species is not numerous; that it builds in the holes of the rocks in the mountainous parts of Spain, and is found in Gibraltar, Savoy, &c.

Of the specimen shot in Norfolk, the annexed is a representation, from Professor Rennie's *Field Naturalist's Magazine*, to which it was contributed by the Rev. Thomas Fulcher, who has the specimen stuffed, but not in a very good state. In measuring it, some allowance must be made for the shrivelled state of the skin. The length, from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail, is rather more than eight inches; breadth across the wings twenty inches; it is much more bulky than the common swift, and must have weighed, at least, as much again. Bill nearly two-fifths of an inch long, measured from the base of the upper mandible, curved and black; the colour of the irides unknown, but it is believed it was dusky. The head, back of the neck, back, wings, and tail, grey brown, and the edges of the feathers of a paler colour. Round the breast is a collar of grey brown. The throat, lower part of the breast, and the body to the commencement of the under tail-coverts, white; the sides dusky, with a mixture of dull white; under surface of the wings and tail, and the under tail-coverts, dusky.

#### The Naturalist.

##### HOTTENTOT'S BREAD.

This extraordinary plant is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, where it is called *Hottentot's Brood*. Its bulb stands entirely above ground, and grows to an enormous size, frequently three feet in height and diameter. It is closely studded with angular ligneous protuberances, which give it some resemblance to the shell of a tortoise; and, on this account, it is designated by naturalists, *testudinaria*. The inside is a fleshy substance, which may be compared to a turnip, both in consistence and colour. From the top of this bulb arise several annual stems, the branches of which have a disposition to twine round any shrub within reach. The Hottentots informed Mr. Burchell, the traveller, that in former times they ate this inner substance, which was considered not unwholesome, when cut in pieces and roasted in embers. It will easily be believed that this food may not be very unlike the yam of the East Indies; since the plant belongs, if not to the same, at least to a very closely allied, genus; as was clearly proved by the membranaceous capsules with





(The Gibraltar Swift.)

The quill-feathers are darker than the back, and remarkably strong and pointed; the quills dusky white. The back, wings, and tail, have copper-coloured and green reflections when viewed in particular lights. The tail is more than three inches long, forked, and consists of exactly ten feathers. Legs short and strong, flesh-coloured, and feathered to the toes, which are all placed forward, as in the common swift; the claws strong and brownish black.

### The Public Journals.

#### A SHARK STORY.

(From the "Cruise of the Midge," in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

SPEAKING of sharks, I must *taigle* you here with a story, which, however *lee-like*, did actually occur, as the records of the Jamaica Admiralty Court fully prove. But let Dennis Donovan tell it in his own words.

"We were cruising off Cape Tiburoon, to take our chance of any of the French outward-bound that might have preferred to make the passage to Port-au-Prince by the southward of St. Domingo. It might have been five in the afternoon,—I was a little middy then, and had dined with the captain that day; a fine breezy forenoon we had had of it,—but the devil a thing was there in sight, not even a small white speck of a sail slipping along shore, apparently sailing in the white surf, and standing off full and boldly, as the painters say, from the dark background of bushes on the beach.

"I had just swallowed what I had sense enough to know was considered as my last glass of wine, and had come on deck, when looking out to leeward where the setting sun was casting a blinding wake on the blue waters that blazed up in our faces, roasting our skin into the colour of scarlet, I thought I saw a dark object on the very verge of the horizon. From the afternoon having come on thick, this had not been noticed before; but just as I had made the discovery, the look-out man at the masthead hailed, 'a strange sail, abeam of us to leeward.'

"'Thank you for nothing,' responded the crusty lieutenant; 'you blind beetle you, is it now you see it? Why, we can see under her topsails from the deck here.'

"'May be, sir,' answered the man, 'but the weather has been thick as buttermilk down to leeward until this moment.'

"'All hands make sail,' instantly followed, and in five minutes we ran off the wind, with every rag set that we could spread. A stern chase is proverbially a long chase, and although our friend a-head set nothing as we neared him that he had not abroad before, the next morning broke, and we were still three miles astern of him, Jamaica being in sight to leeward. As the sun rose, the breeze freshened, and before noon we had to hand the royals, and stand by the studding-sail haulyards. The fiery sea-breeze that struck us, presently quelled the courage of the chase for he had to take in his kites also, with the loss of his foretopmast-studding-sail, and as we carried the breeze along with us, we were presently alongside, and I was sent on board in the boat.

"'I touched my hat to the master, 'What brig, if you please?'

"'The Stormy Peterel, of, and from, St. John's, New Brunswick.'

"'Whither bound?'

"'To Kingston, Jamaica, with a cargo of flour and notions, and consigned to Macaa, Walker, and Co.'

"All very pat, thought I—no hesitation here. 'I will look at your papers, if you please,' and I unceremoniously stepped down the companion ladder, and entered the cabin. The master of the brig followed me, and entering with a good deal of swagger in his bearing, slammed himself down on the locker with his hat on. I was a little nettled at this, and again took a steady look at my gentleman; but to make evident the cause why my suspicions were excited, be it known, that at the time I write of, the good old navigation laws were in full operation, and [no American, or other foreign vessel, was allowed to trade with our colonies; everything imported having to be carried in British bottoms, so that numberless tricks were frequently, when the colonial markets were favourably, put in practice by neutrals to cloak the real character of their vessels,—amongst others, that of simulating English papers was very frequent. To return, I looked at our friend again. He was tall,

sallow, and Yankee-looking in hull, spars, and rig, and his accent smelt of peach brandy—strong of the Chesapeake. He was dressed in faded nankeen trousers, rusty black coat and waistcoat, very threadbare, the coat sleeves scarcely reaching below the elbows, and wore a broad-brimmed white hat, with a rumpled and spray-washed black or rather brown crape twisted round it. He wore no neckcloth, his shirt collar, which was cut very high, being open in front, disclosing his long, scraggy, red neck, with a lump in his throat as if he had swallowed a grape shot, that had stuck half way down. He wore a large, ill-washed frill, that was also open, showing his sunburnt chest, covered with a fell of shaggy red hair, as thick as a fox cover. His face was burned red by exposure to the sun, the skin peeling off in small pieces like the film of an egg, here and there. His features were very strongly marked and coarse, one side of his mouth drooping more than the other, and from this he kept swabbing the stream of tobacco juice with the back of his hand. He had little, fierce, grey eyes, the white being much bloodshot, and his nose was long and sharp, as near as might be of the shape and colour of a crab's claw, with a blue peeled point. His forehead was very broad immediately above his eyes, which were shaded by enormous, shaggy, sandy-white eyebrows, like pig's bristles, but it tapered away into a cone at the crown of his head, like the hat in vogue amongst the Roundheads in old Noll's time. He had, in fine, nothing of the sailor whatever in his appearance. His red whiskers grew in two tufts low down on his jaws and all under his chin, and he kept spitting most abominably, and twitching the right cheek, and quivering the right eyelid, while he looked at you, in a nervous, and to me exceedingly disagreeable manner.

"There be my papers, sir," said this enticing person, tossing down a parcel of by no means dirty manuscripts. The register especially, as well as the manifest, seemed surprisingly clean, and the former, instead of being carefully inclosed in a tin box, as customary in merchant vessels, was wrapped up in brown paper. I opened the manifest, and glanced at a bundle of copies of bills of lading, called ship's blanks. The cargo answered his description, and the bills of lading seemed to correspond with the manifest. I then lifted the register, and by it perceived that the vessel purported to be two years old, yet the document, in place of being torn and chafed at the foldings, and dirty, greasy, and defaced, was quite sound; and when I opened it, after unfolding the brown paper in which it was wrapped, and threw it on the table, it absolutely and truly opened of itself, and lay flat on the table, as if unused to the rumples and creases, to the no

small surprise of Jonathan himself I could perceive, thus seeming to say, 'Take a look at me, Master Donovan, I am worth the perusal, perhaps.'—'Ha, ha,' thought I, 'my fine fellow, the creases in that register are very fresh, I guess—it has not been quite two years folded, or I never saw the Lifsey;' but I said never a word aloud, to the apparent great comfort of the skipper, who, I could see, sat on thorns, while I was overhauling the papers—for, thinks I, 'if he sees into me, he will haul his wind, and not come to an entry at Kingston at all, and on the high seas I cannot touch him; but then, again, were we even to decoy him into port, another man-of-war might nab him before us. My game, said I to myself, is to lull his suspicions as well as I can; and having done so, I returned to the frigate, and we ran down to Port Royal together.

"I found that they had caught a shark during my absence, and found a tin case, loaded with a dozen musket balls, with a ship's manifest and register in it, in his maw. This had been placed in the captain's cabin, and I took an immediate opportunity, unheard of any one, of communicating my suspicions that the brig was an American sailing under simulated papers, and recommended that the frigate should stick close and seize him whenever he reported at the fort at Port Royal. He agreed to all my suggestions, and after determining that I was to board and seize the vessel before others could have an opportunity of doing so, he ordered in dinner, and laughing, threw the bright white-iron case to me that had been cut out of the maw of the shark.

"I opened it, and, to my surprise, found that, according to the best of my recollection, the manuscript copy of the manifest answered word for word, nail for nail, with the one I had seen, and the measurement of the Yankee brig Alconda was identically the same, out and out, with that of the 'Stormy Peterel' of St. John's, New Brunswick.'

"I immediately communicated the coincidence to the captain, and he desired me to keep my own council, which both of us did. The vessel was seized and libelled in the Vice Admiralty Court, to the great apparent surprise of Captain Shad of the Stormy Peterel, I guess. The day of trial arrived; we were all in court, and so were the crew and captain of the detained vessel. Our counsel learned in the law made his speech, and produced his witnesses. He of the adverse faction replied and produced his, and cross-questioned ours, and pretty considerable perjuries were flying about; and although the suspicion was strong against the Stormy Peterel, still she was on the point of flying away and weathering us all, when the lawyer retained by the merchantman said sneeringly across the table to our advocate, 'Sorry must

go for damages against your client; I hope you have your recognisances and bail-bond ready."

"You are very obliging, brother Grab," said our friend, calmly—then to the bench, "may it please your honour, I am now in a position to save the bench farther trouble, by proving, on the most undeniable evidence, that the vessel in court, purporting to be 'the Stormy Peterel of St. John's, New Brunswick'—here Jonathan's jaw fell—is neither more nor less—the Yankee's eyes seemed like to start from their sockets—'than the American brig Alconda, of, and from, New York.'"

"Who the deuce has 'peached?' screamed the Yankee, looking round fiercely among his own men, and utterly shoved off his balance.

"Silence," sang out the crier.

"The hand of heaven is in this iniquitous matter, please your honour." Here he produced the tin box, and took out the Alconda's manifest and register, and confronting them with the simulated documents belonging to the Stormy Peterel, the trick was instantly proved, and the vessel condemned—Jonathan, as he swung out of court, exclaiming, amidst showers of tobacco juice, 'Pretty considerably damned and condemned, and all by a shark-fish. If this ben't the most active and unnatural piece of cruelty, may I be physicked all my natural days with hot oil and fish-hooks!'"

So far, so true; but Dennis, honest man, superadded a few flourishes of his own, one of which was, that the spine of the shark was extracted, and preserved in the captain's cabin, hung up to the roof; and that one of the quartermasters, "a most religious character," could notice certain vibrations and twistings of the vertebræ, whenever any vessel with simulated papers was in the vicinity, even when she could not be seen from the masthead.

"Why it must have been a divining rod," said I, laughing.

"And you have said it with your own beautiful mug, Benjie Brail," quoth Dennis Donovan.

"GAMMON," quoth I, Benjie.

## DITTON.

When sultry suns and dusty streets  
Proclaim town's winter season,  
And rural scenes and cool retreats  
Sound something like high treason—  
I steal away to shades serene,  
Which yet no bard has hit on,  
And change the bustling heartless scene  
For quietude and DITTON.

Here lawyers, safe from legal toils,  
And peers, released from duty,  
Enjoy at once kind Nature's smiles,  
And eke the smiles of beauty;  
Beauteous with talent brightly graced,  
Whose name must not be written,  
The idol of the fæe is placed  
Within the shades of DITTON.

Let lofty mansions great men keep—  
I have no wish to rob 'em—  
Not courtly Claremont, Escher's steep,  
Nor Squire Combe's at Cobham.  
Sir Hobhouse has a mansion rare,  
A large red house, at Whitton;  
But Cam with Thames I can't compare,  
Nor Whitton class with DITTON.

I'd rather live, like General Moore,  
In one of the pavilions,  
Which stand upon the other shore,  
Than be the king of millions;  
For though no subjects might arise  
To exercise my wit on,  
From morn to night I'd feast my eyes  
By gazing at sweet DITTON.

The mighty queen whom Cydnus bore,  
In gold and purple floated;  
But happier I, when near this shore,  
Although more humbly boated.  
Give me a punt, a rod, a line,  
A snug arm-chair to sit on,  
Some well-iced punch, and weather fine,  
And let me fish at DITTON.

The "Swan," snug inn, good fare affords,  
As table d'hôte was put on,  
And worthy quite of loftier boards  
Its poultry, fish, and mutton:  
And while sound wine mine host supplies,  
With beer of Meux or Triton—  
Mine hostess, with her bright blue eyes,  
Invites to stay at DITTON.

Here, in a placid, waking dream,  
I'm free from worldly troubles,  
Calm as the rippling silver stream,  
That in the sunshine bubbles;  
And when sweet Eden's blissful bowers  
Some abler bard has writ on,  
Despaling to transcend his powers,  
I'll DITTO say for DITTON!

New Monthly Magazine.

## EDUCATION IN DENMARK.

THE King of Denmark appears to be anxious, not only in a general way for the education of his subjects, but also for the improvement of the course of education to be provided for them, and of the mode of imparting it. With a view to this last object, he, about a year and a half ago, sent Mr. Charles Mariboe, to whose charge the English department at the Royal Military College is committed, to England, that he might make himself acquainted with the best and newest forms of tuition in use here. The Hamiltonian method Mr. Mariboe already knew, and had introduced into Denmark; it was therefore any subsequent improvements upon this and the Jacotot method that he sought to investigate, and from all these he has formed a system of his own, of which, both because it appears to be very successful, and because we are pleased with the novelty of seeing, proverbially slow Denmark take the lead in intellectual matters, we subjoin an outline. According to Mr. Mariboe's plan, a foreign language, say French, is taught by French sentences, pronounced by the master, and repeated by the pupils, at first, without using a book; then translated, not word by word, but sentence by sentence, as literally as is compatible with preserving the idiom of both languages. The process is then reversed, the master giving the Da-

nish sentence, and the pupil the French. The teacher next proposes new Danish sentences, to be translated by the pupils from the stock of French words they have thus acquired; and the rules of grammar they are made to deduce for themselves as they go along. We are assured that a very few such lessons enable the pupil to express himself with facility and correctness in the language he is learning, and to read any ordinary book.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

### The Sketch Book.

#### JUDY OF ROUNDWOOD.\*

"Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English."—*Shakspeare.*

THERE is a little straggling village in Wicklow, named Roundwood, which is a sort of outpost to the many beauties of that romantic and lovely county, and, consequently, often made a stopping place by those rambles who can steal a day or two from toil and care, and have the dust of Dublin blown from about them by the mountain breezes of the alpine county I have named. I, for one, confess the enormity of having eaten eggs and bacon in the little inn of Roundwood, served to me by the hand of Judy;—her surname has never reached me, for, as the Italians called many of their celebrated painters after the towns or cities that gave them birth, so Judy has been named, "Judy of Roundwood."

Her principal peculiarity was stinting every word she could of its fair proportion, whether from any spite she had against the alphabet, or from wishing to clear her sex from the charge of overwordiness, I know not; but Judy talked short-hand, if an Irishman may be allowed the phrase. Her merits in this particular cannot be appreciated in modern times, but Judy would have been a darling among the Spartans.

At the door of the inn, which owed much of its custom to this original, Judy would salute the weary traveller with a low courtesy, crossing her hands before her upon her checkered apron, and say, "Consola to the gent!"—meaning thereby consolation to the gentleman—Judy considering refreshment the greatest *consola* the *gents* could have. Whisky she called by the poetical name of "Temptation"—abbreviated of course to "*Timpta*."—Dublin was either familiarly *Dub*; or *dubbed* with the more high-sounding title of *Metrop*—and being also given to rhyming, whenever a tag was to be made, she jumped at it.

When first I visited Judy in company with a friend who was equally anxious with myself to draw her out, we affected not to com-

\* This sketch was originally written for Mr. J. Russell, who gave it, with an admirable personation of Judy, in his very clever entertainment of "The Stranded Actor."

prehend the meaning of all her abbreviations, with a view to force her upon an explanation; and she said—"You see, sir, Ju deals in *abrevia*—because that is the *perfect* of the *English lang.*—*din*, for dinner; *brek*, for breakfast; *rel*, for relish. Ju's *conversa* is *allegor*. I calls the dinner *satisfac*, and the drop o' comfort the *timpta*; and this little *apart* where we give *consola* to the *gents*, I call the bower of *hap*."

After having had some rustic refreshment, we ordered whisky, and when Judy brought it to us, her look and manner were highly amusing. With a stealthy step and an air of mock mystery she stole across the room towards us, and withdrawing her apron with one hand, from over the measure of spirits she held in the other, she said—"Ju was only throwing an *obscu* over the *opportu*." We then noticed to her some verses that were written on the walls of the apartment in her praise. "That's the *rayson* I call it the bower of *hap*," said she; "but sure I'm not such an *ignora* as to believe all the *flat* of the *cits*. Good bye, dear; yiz are gay gents goin' round the world for sport; may you never be wretched; may you share in the wisdom of *Sol*; may you never have to climb the rocks of *dif*; or be cast on the quicksands of *adver*, or stray from the paths of *vir*."

But perhaps the best thing I can do to put Judy more completely *en evidence* is, to give a conversation in her own style; that will serve, as Judy herself would say, as the best *exemplifica*.

*Consola* to the gents; happy to see you, dear! Walk in—you can sit in the bower of *hap*. If you want your *brek*, it's a good one you may *expec*; if you want your *din*, this is the place to walk in; and Ju will give you the *opportu*, the *consola*, and the *materia*, and the *timpta*; and if you only want a *rel*, ring the *bell*. That's what I said the other day to O'Toole; the ignorant people calls him Mr. O'Toole, but he's not *Misther* O'Toole, but O'Toole, bein' descended from King O'Toole, of these parts. Good morrow, Judy, says he.—Thank you, kindly, sir, says I. Here's a gent that is come to see you, says he (for there was an artless sprisan along wid him). Kindly wilkim, sir, says I.—You'll do all you can for us, says he.—Sir, says I, *Fidel* is my *mot*—Ju's *mot*—The furniners calls it, *Judy's mot*—that's French, sir;—but, as I said, *fidel* is my *mot*:

Submissive to my supayriors,  
Condescending to my infayriors,  
Faithful to my friends,  
Charitable to my inimies.

You had a great party here the other day, as I'm towld, says he.—Yis, sir, says I.—Who wor they? says he.—Indeed, says I, they did not indulge me with much *communica*; so I could not come to a *conclu*;—but though

I could not be *pos*, I had my *suspish*.—And who wor they? says he.—They were no less than Sir *Wal* and Miss *Edge*.—Who are they? says O'Toole's friend, for he was mighty artless.—Why, then, don't you know Sir *Wal*, says I,—and Miss *Edge*?—I hope you admire my *abrevia*, says I.—Certainly, says O'Toole, who was pleased with me about my *obscu*, for the *bothera* of the innocent gent, and he could hardly help laughin' at him, and to hide his laughin' he took a pinch o' snuff: and he, bein' a rale *gentleman*, av coarse like the *blackguard*;\* and so, takin' out his box, he said, like a rale gentleman, Judy, says he, will you have a pinch?—Thank you, sir, says I, for the *condescen*,—and with that his friend, not likin' to be worse nor another, said, Maybe you'll take a pinch from me, says he—handin' me a box of the dirty soft wet thrash them furriners takes, sure there's no good in anything or anybody that isn't always *dhry*, as I says to the *gents* from *Dub*, when I keeps continually bringin' them the whisky and the hot wather.—Well, to come back to my story, the two handed me their boxes—and so O'Toole said, says he, Which will you have, Judy?—take whatever you please; which do you like, the common snuff, or the scented snuff?—Sir, says I—makin' a low curtshee for the *civil*—I give the *com* the *pref*.—But I was forgettin' about Sir *Wal* and Miss *Edge*. Sure, they kem here to take the *opportu* to see *Ju*, to increase their *admira* for the beauties of *na*—in the county *Wick* in *partic*—and so when they arrived in

A post chay  
From "Quin Bray,"

I was ready to give *consola* to the *gents*; and they asked for *brek*.—What do you *expec*? says I.

Coffee, says he.  
Cushlamachree,

says I, there's no sitch thing here, at all at all. There is neither coffee tay, nor choco-laritee tay; but there is the best of Bohay, says I.—Have you no green? says he.—Plenty in the fields, says I.—But no where else?—But I'll make up for the *defish*.—How? says he.—I'll give you a *rel*, says I.—What's that? says he.—A *rash*, says I.—I don't know what you mane, says he—so I was obleeged to explain:—A *relish*, or a *rasher*, says I; for the *artif* of my *abrevia*, was beyond his *conjec*.—Bring it in at wanst, says he.—So, no sooner said than done—but you see I was obleeged to bring in the *rasher* an a cracked plate—and very well I had it—for Roundwood was mighty throng that mornin'—loads of *gents*—barrowfuls o' *gents* from *Dub* to see *Ju*—coming into the county *Wick* with a short *stick* to enjoy the *admira* of the beauties of *na*—Well, as I said, I brought in

the *rash* an a cracked plate, and Sir *Wal* was *indig*; and, says he, How dar you bring the like to a dacent man?—And what do you think I said? says I, the *necess* is my *apol*. I thought he'd split himself wid the laughin'—So with that he wint to reading the po'thy an the walls; and at last he kem to one that a young *vag*—from the *Col*—the *Univer*—*Trin. Coll. Dub*, wrote an me—and I put my hand over it;—Don't read that, sir, says I—for I purtended not to know who he was, though I knew very well all the time:—don't read that, says I.—Why? says he.—Because, says I, 'twas written by a *vulga*, and 'twould shock your *sinsibil*, if anything came under your *contempla* bordering on the *indel*. Then, says Miss *Edge*, that's very proper of you, *Ju*, says she.—Yis ma'am, says I. I was always a *Dia*; for I have had a good *educa*.

How could you have a good education? says Sir *Wal*.

Bekase the gentlemín o' larnin' comes to see *Ju*; and where would I larn *educa*, says I, if not from them?

Why, what gentlemín o' larnin' comes here? says Sir *Wal*.

More than owns to it, says I—lookin' mighty signified at him.

Indeed! says he.—Yis, says I—and one o' the gentlemín was no *gentleman*, he was only a *vag*; for he put me in a *mag*;—but in general they are the rale quolity, and I know a power o' them.

Name one, says he.

T. M. says I.

Who's T. M.? says he.

You're mighty ignorant, says I, to Sir *Wal*. Wasn't that a good thing to say to him? I thought Miss *Edge* and he would die with the laughin'.

Well, but who is T. M.? says he.

Tom Moore, says I, the glory of Ireland, says I, crassin' myself.

Oh, Moore the poet, says Sir *Wal*.

By dad, he's no poet at all, says I; but a rale gentleman; for he gev me half-a-crown.

Well, I thought the both o' them would die with the laughin'; and so when they wor goin', says I to the lady, Good mornin', and many thanks to you, ma'am, says I, for your *condescen*—long may you reign, says I, Miss *Edge*. Well, she looked mightily surprised at me; for you see I had a *conjec* who they wor from the sarvants, by a way o' my own.

You have taken the *worth* out of my name, Judy, says she, mighty goodnathured.

Troth, then, that's more nor I could do, ma'am, says I; for there's more worth in the half o' your name than in the whole o' mine, though I am Judy O'Roundwood.

Well, with that Sir *Wal* laughed out; and, says he, How did you find the lady out? says he.

Only by *supposish*, says I; for I wouldn't

\* Lundy Foot's celebrated snuff.

be guilty of *infidel* to the servants who let on to me.

Then I suppose you found out who *I* am too, says *Sir Wal*.

No, indeed, sir, says I, how could I know the Great *Un*?

Oh, I wish you had seen the look he gave when I said that!—*Lover's Legends and Stories*.

### Retrospective Cleanings.

#### LORD BYRON.

[Every reader of the Life of Lord Byron will recollect, that the grand-uncle of the illustrious poet, to quote the words of Mr. Moore, "in the year 1765, stood his trial before the House of Peers, for killing in a duel, or, rather scuffle, his relation and neighbour, Mr. Chaworth."\* The details of this unfortunate affair are recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for May, 1765, and are as follow:]

*An authentic Narrative of the Duel between LORD BYRON and WM. CHAWORTH, Esq.; in which Mr. Chaworth was run through the body, and died the next day.*

LORD BYRON and Mr. Chaworth were neighbours in the country, and it was their custom to meet, with other gentlemen of Nottinghamshire, at the Star and Garter Tavern in Pall-Mall, once a month, at what was called the Nottinghamshire Club.

The meeting, at which the unlucky dispute arose that produced the duel, was on the 26th of January last, at which were present, John Hewet, Esq., who sat as chairman, the Hon. Thomas Willoughby, Frederic Montagu, John Sherwin, Francis Molineux, Esqrs. and Lord Byron; William Chaworth, George Donston, Charles Melish, jun. Esqrs. and Sir Robert Burdett, who were all the company present.

Their usual hour of dining was soon after four, and the rule of the club was, to have a bill and a bottle brought in at seven.

Till this hour all was jollity and good humour; but Mr. Hewet, who was toast-master, happening to start some conversation about the best method of preserving the game, setting the laws in being for that purpose out of the question, the subject was taken up by Mr. Chaworth and Lord Byron, who happened to be of different opinions, Mr. Chaworth insisting on severity against poachers and unqualified persons; and Lord Byron declaring that the way to have most game was to take no care of it at all. Mr. Hewet's opinion was, that the most effectual way would be to make the game the property of the owner of the soil: the debate became general, but was carried on with acrimony only between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth; the latter, in confirmation of what he had said, insisting that Sir Charles Sedley and himself had more game on five acres than

\* Notices of the Life of Lord Byron, 4to. p. 5.

Lord Byron had on all his manors. Lord Byron, in answer to this, proposed a bet of 100 guineas, and Mr. Chaworth called for pen, ink, and paper, to reduce the wager to writing, in order to take it up; but Mr. Sherwin treating it in a jesting manner, as a bet that never could be decided, no bet was laid, and the conversation went on. Mr. Chaworth said, that were it not for Sir Charles Sedley's care, and his own, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his estate; and Lord Byron asking with a smile, what Sir Charles Sedley's manors were, was answered by Mr. Chaworth, Nuttall and Bulwell. Lord Byron did not dispute Nuttall, but added, that Bulwell was his; on which, Mr. Chaworth with some heat replied, "If you want information with respect to Sir Charles Sedley's manors, he lives at Mr. Cooper's, in Dean-street, and, I doubt not, will be ready to give you satisfaction; and as to myself, your Lordship knows where to find me, in Berkeley-row;" or words to that effect. These words, uttered in a particular manner, could admit of no reply, and at once put an end to that subject of discourse; every gentleman in company at once fell into chat with him who sat next him, and nothing more was said generally till Mr. Chaworth called to settle the reckoning, as was his general practice; in doing of which, Mr. Fynmore, the master of the tavern, observed him a little flurried; for, in marking, he made a small mistake. The book had lines ruled in checks, and against each member present an 0 was placed; but, if absent, 5s. was set down. He placed 5s. against Lord Byron's name, but Mr. Fynmore observing to him that my Lord was present, he corrected his mistake. In a few minutes after this, Mr. Chaworth having paid his reckoning, went out, and was followed by Mr. Donston, who entered into discourse with him at the head of the stairs, and Mr. Chaworth asked him particularly, if he had attended to the conversation between himself and Lord Byron, and if he thought he had been short in what he said on the subject. To which Mr. Donston said, "No; he had rather gone too far upon so trifling an occasion, but did not believe that Lord Byron or the company would think any more about it;" and after a little ordinary discourse had passed, they parted. Mr. Donston returned to the company, and Mr. Chaworth turned to go down stairs; but just as Mr. Donston entered the door, he met Lord Byron coming out, and they passed, as there was a large screen that covered the door, without knowing each other. Lord Byron found Mr. Chaworth still on the stairs, and it now remains a doubt whether Lord Byron called upon Mr. Chaworth, or Mr. Chaworth upon Lord Byron; but both went down to the first landing place, having dined upon the second floor, and both called the



waiter to show an empty room, which a waiter did, and having first opened the door himself, and placed a small tallow candle, which he had in his hand, on the table, he retired when the gentlemen entered, and pulled the door after them.

In a few minutes the affair was decided; the bell was rung, but by whom is uncertain; the waiter went up, and perceiving what had happened, ran down stairs frightened, told his master the catastrophe, who ran instantly up stairs, and found the two combatants standing close together: Mr. Chaworth had his sword in his left hand, and Lord Byron in his right; Lord Byron's left hand was round Mr. Chaworth, as Mr. Chaworth's right hand was round Lord Byron's neck, and over his shoulder. He desired Mr. Fynmore to take his sword, and Lord Byron delivered up his at the same time; one, or both, called to him to get some help immediately, and in a few minutes, Mr. Hawkins, the surgeon, was sent for, who came accordingly.

In the mean time, Mr. Montague, Mr. Hewet, Mr. Donston, Mr. Willoughby, Mr. Molineux, and Mr. Sherwin had entered the room; the account Mr. Chaworth then gave, was, "That he could not live many hours; that he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would; that the affair had passed in the dark, only a small tallow candle burning in the room; that Lord Byron asked him, if he meant the conversation on the game to Sir Charles Sedley or to him? to which he replied, 'If you have any thing to say, we had better shut the door; that while he was doing this, Lord Byron bid him draw, and in turning, he saw his Lordship's sword half drawn, on which he whipped out his own, and made the first pass; the sword being through my Lord's waistcoat, he thought he had killed him, and asking whether he was not mortally wounded, Lord Byron while he was speaking, shortened his sword, and stabbed him in the belly.'"

When Mr. Hawkins, the surgeon, came in, he found Mr. Chaworth sitting by the fire, with the lower part of his waistcoat open, his shirt bloody, and his hand upon his belly; he was very earnest to know if he thought him in immediate danger; and being answered in the affirmative, he desired his uncle Levinz might be sent for, that he might settle his private affairs; and in the mean time, gave Mr. Hawkins a particular detail of what had passed. He said that Lord Byron and he entered the room together, Lord Byron leading the way; that his Lordship, in walking forwards, said something relative to the former dispute, on which he proposed fastening the door; that on turning himself round from this act, he perceived his Lordship, with his sword either drawn or nearly so; on which he instantly drew his

own, and made a thrust at him, which he thought had wounded or killed him; that then perceiving his Lordship shorten his sword to return the thrust, he thought to have parried it with his left hand, at which he looked twice, imagining he had cut it in the attempt; that he felt the sword enter his body, and go deep through his back; that he struggled, and being the stronger man, disarmed his lordship, and expressed a concern as under an apprehension of having mortally wounded him; that Lord Byron replied by saying something to the like effect; adding, at the same time, that he hoped now he would allow him to be as brave a man as any in the kingdom. Mr. Hawkins adds, that pained and distressed as Mr. Chaworth then was, and under the immediate danger of death, he repeated what he had heard he had declared to his friends before, that he had rather be in his present situation, than live under the misfortune of having killed another person.

After a little while he seemed to grow stronger, and he was then removed to his own house, where Mr. Adair, another surgeon, Mr. Man, an apothecary, and Dr. Addington, his physician, came to the assistance of Mr. Hawkins, but no relief could be given him; he continued sensible, however, till the time of his death, and Mr. Levinz being now come, Mr. Partington, an attorney, was sent for to make his will, for which he gave very sensible and distinct instructions: and while Mr. Partington was employed in this business, he gave Mr. Levinz, at his request, the same account which he had before given to Mr. Hawkins, lamenting, at the same time, his own folly in fighting in the dark, an expression that certainly conveyed no imputation on Lord Byron, and implied no more than this, that by fighting with a dim light he had given up the advantage of his own superiority in swordsmanship, and had been led into the mistake that he was in the breast of his lordship when he was only entangled in his waistcoat, for under that mistake he certainly was, when Lord Byron shortened his sword, and ran him through the body; he added to Mr. Levinz, that he died as a man of honour, and expressed a satisfaction that he was in his present situation, rather than in that of having the life of any man to answer for.

Mr. Partington, when he had finished the business he was sent for, and the will was properly executed, recollected the probability that he should one day be called upon to give testimony to the dying words of his unhappy client, and accordingly, with the caution that always accompanies a thorough knowledge of the law, he thought proper to commit to writing the last words he was heard to say on this occasion. This writing was put into the hands of Mr. Levinz, and

gave rise to a report that a paper was written by the deceased and sealed up, not to be opened till the time that Lord Byron should be tried; but no paper whatever was written by Mr. Chaworth, and that written by Mr. Partington was as follows:

"Sunday morning, the twenty-seventh of January, about three of the clock, Mr. Chaworth said, that my Lord's sword was half drawn, and that he, knowing the man, immediately, or as quick as he could, whipt out his sword and had the first thrust; that then my Lord wounded him, and he disarmed my Lord, who then said, 'By G—d, I have as much courage as any man in England.'"

These are the particulars of this unfortunate affair; by which it should seem, that neither Mr. Chaworth himself, nor any of his friends, could blame Lord Byron for the part he had in his death. Mr. Chaworth, it is manifest, was under the apprehensions of having mortally wounded Lord Byron; and Lord Byron, being still engaged, had a right to avail himself of that mistake for the preservation of his own life. His lordship himself, no doubt, may wish that he had, in that situation, disabled him only; but in the heat of duelling who can always be collected?

### The Gatherer.

*Truth.*—Regnier Desmarais, the celebrated French writer, was inflexibly upright, and scrupulously veracious: when, on being urged to violate the truth in favour of a man in power, and under the penalty of losing his friendship, he said, "I had rather quarrel with him than myself."

*Warning to Hard Drinkers.*—Helius Eobanus, the celebrated Latin poet, who was born in the year 1488, took credit to himself for being a hard drinker, and would challenge any man as to the quantity of liquor which he would drink: in a contest of this kind his antagonist fell dead on the floor.

*Imperial Architecture.*—The Emperor Adrian was fond of architecture, and pretended to some skill in that art. Appollodorus, the famous architect, viewing the plans of the temple of Venus, which were designed by Adrian, observed, that the statues sitting as they were in the temple, (which it seems wanted much of its due proportion in height,) he said, if the goddesses should ever attempt to stand upon their feet, they would assuredly break their heads against the ceiling. Adrian banished the architect, and having caused him to be accused of crimes, put him to death.

*Duelling.*—In Mr. Hamilton's petition to Parliament against the practice of duelling, he says, there was once a duel took place on

account of an acre of anchovies. It arose from a traveller asserting that he had seen an acre of anchovies; this his antagonist would not believe, upon which he challenged him and shot him, and when in agony from the wound, which was fatal, he said, "I really beg your pardon, it was an acre of capers I meant."

P. T. W

*A Good Bargain.*—Mr. L., a well known professional singer in the metropolis, one day entered a cheesemonger's or grocer's shop, to make a purchase. "Have you any more of this paper?" said he to the master, regarding with curiosity and astonishment that in which his purchase was wrapped. "Plenty, sir; a great pile of it." Mr. L. requested to see it, and followed the tradesman into a little back room, where many reams of waste paper were collected, to be used in his business. "Well," said Mr. L., after inspecting the pile from whence the wrapper of his parcel had been taken; "will you sell this: what would you ask for it?" "Twopence halfpenny per pound;" answered the man, much astonished at the uncommon greenness of his customer:—"You can have it, if you like, as waste paper, for that price." Mr. L. readily assented; and thus purchased for a few shillings, thirty-three complete oratorios and operas of Handel, besides fragments, of the best, viz. Arnold's edition! Henceforth, let no one despise the literature that may find its way to the trunkmaker's and chandler's, &c. &c.

M. L. B.

"Vote for my man, or else you'll get your head broke," is often the electioneering maxim in America.

In Tennessee, bacon is called "Old Ned;" there are no flour-mills, but the cob corn is grated on a piece of tin, with holes knocked in it with a nail.

*Advice.*—The only commodity that the world refuses to receive, though it is to be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

*Bait.*—One animal impaled on a hook, to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

*Baker.*—One who gets his own bread by adulterating that of others.

*Breath.*—Air received into the lungs for the purpose of smoking and whistling.

*Challenge.*—Giving your adversary an opportunity of shooting you through the body, to indemnify you for having injured your feelings.

*Courage.*—The fear of being thought a coward.

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